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THE KISS OF GOLD.

By KATE JORDAN.

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He felt the warmth of her young, red mouth on his, but her eyes remained closed, and he knew that she was not his. He had been told that she was not his, and he had believed it. He had been told that she was not his, and he had believed it. He had been told that she was not his, and he had believed it.

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It was still his. Considerations so important that a little while ago were lost sight of, his tortured sensibilities overleaped themselves in a maddening thrill to redeem himself in his own eyes while he could, to purge himself of the stain of the kiss. He had been told that she was not his, and he had believed it. He had been told that she was not his, and he had believed it. He had been told that she was not his, and he had believed it.

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